

HONOURS AND AWARDS (*Continued*).**Military Medal—continued.**

71789 L/Cpl. Cousins, L.
71169 Cpl. Johnstone, J.

Bar to Military Medal.

71339 C.S.M. McRae, J.
71084 Sgt. Adams, J.
71459 Sgt. Cave, G. R.
446538 Pte. McInnes, H.
424448 Sgt. Snape, H.
71089 L/Cpl. Pillage, E.

Medaille Militaire.

72037 Sgt. Haines, F. W.
71228 C.S.M. Thorpe, J.

Mentioned in Despatches.

71159 C.S.M. Williams, H.
71564 Sgt. Moring, T.
(now Lieut.).
71478 Pte. Griffin, F. A.
71398 Sgt. Hunter, G. G.

N.C.O.'s and Men of the City of Winnipeg Battalion who have been granted Commissions in France.

Major A. E. McElligott, D.S.O.
Captain J. D. Thomson,
Paymaster.
Captain A. Wilton, M.C.
(died of wounds)
Captain J. W. Reith.
Lieut. C. B. Johnston.
Lieut. J. D. McClintock
(killed in action).
Lieut. D. L. Cameron.
Lieut. G. S. Muir.
Lieut. T. H. Dudley.

Lieut. A. B. Rowe.
Lieut. T. F. O'Flaherty.
Lieut. M. Pollock (killed in action).
Lieut. J. A. Law-Beattie.
Lieut. J. M. Mackie.
Lieut. W. C. H. Pinkham.
Lieut. F. M. Pulford.
Lieut. V. L. Davies.
Lieut. J. B. Wood, M.C.

Lieut. W. Darling.
Lieut. C. H. Brown
(killed in action).
Lieut. J. E. Dorey.
Lieut. A. V. Bonner.
Lieut. R. S. Black.
Lieut. H. V. Lewis.
Lieut. A. R. Hill.
Lieut. R. Palmer
(killed in action).
Lieut. H. Adamson.
Lieut. G. S. Clarkson, M.C.
Lieut. W. Jameson
(killed in action).
Lieut. J. H. Price
(killed in action).
Lieut. A. C. Newell.
Lieut. S. G. Fildes.
Lieut. T. Moring.
Lieut. C. D. McKenzie.



Major A. E. McELLIGOTT, D.S.O.
Officer Commanding "D" Company.

N.C.O.'s and Men of the City of Winnipeg Battalion granted Commissions serving with other units.

Lieut. A. R. Kilborn.
Lieut. J. Cave.
Lieut. D. McGregor.
Lieut. A. M. Arklie.
Lieut. J. Lintot.
Lieut. S. Morris.
Lieut. A. M. Lyone.
Lieut. D. K. Turner.
Lieut. E. J. Boughton.
Lieut. V. Maxted.
Lieut. E. Legge.
Lieut. N. C. Watson.
Lieut. M. C. Cockshott.
Lieut. J. J. Milne.

OVER THE BAGS.

THE ground is shuddering in actual torment, and the great shells, bursting with a tearing, roaring crash on every hand, rend the air into a panic of flame and flying shrapnel that screams and whines through a sea of Gas, which, foul and sickly, wreaths through the pungent, blinding clouds of the vomiting smoke bombs. As the barrage falls ahead, they crouch, these storming troops, up to their aching bellies in slimy mud, quivering and shivering. It is a bad time this waiting. Every nerve is feeling the strain. Eyes are blurred and hearts pounding in a suffocating ecstasy of excitement. Then it comes, that vibrant signal, and over they go into a land swept by rifle and machine-gun fire, clamorous with a million appalling sounds, the ground riven and torn by high explosives that come hurtling through the air with strange wailings, with unholy, venomous "swish" and ear-rending roars to add their quota to the song of battle.

"... the long black Dogs of War,
With pigmies pulling their tails for them, and making the
monsters roar
As they slithered back on their haunches, as they put out
their flaming tongues,
And spat a murderous message long leagues from their iron
lungs."

Of a truth this is "No Man's Land." It is a place only for gods and fiends. It seems incredible that men can live through it—something beyond the limit of human endurance. It is Hell, a Hell beside which the one we read about were "the veriest school of peace." But the mentality has undergone an

entire change; all personal feeling and individuality seems to be something unreal—vague and misty. The minds of men are fused into a common whole. One impulse dominates all—to close with the enemy. Nothing else exists but an all-consuming desire to come to grips with Fritz. There is no fear. The strength of the spirit was tested to the utmost in that first white heat of terror and apprehension. Fear is gone. These men who press forward have had the last quiver of it wrung out of them, and with it, for the moment, went their humanity. They are transmuted into raging devils. Nothing but death can stay them now, and death is unthought of. Some fall, but others go on, keeping the line "dressed" and firm. Suddenly, with a yell that penetrates even the raucous challenge of the guns, they leap forward upon the demoralised enemy, an enemy that either retreats in confusion or stays, governed by that strange doggedness that he sometimes so splendidly displays, to meet the fierce menace of naked steel that ripples towards him. Here follows the ring of metal, the piercing crack of rifle and revolver shots; they lessen sounds that yet cut through the drum-like volleys of exploding bombs. The Prussian line is gained and held, and the enemy, fighting desperately, forced farther and yet farther back ere there comes a lull in the battle noise. Then "the tumult and the shouting dies," and the dust of the conflict settles on a scene so unsightly, so violently unreal, that the maddest nightmare is logical by comparison.

"That's that!" says Pte. Brown, wiping the sweat from his face. "Give us a Player's, Fred."

BRUTUS.